

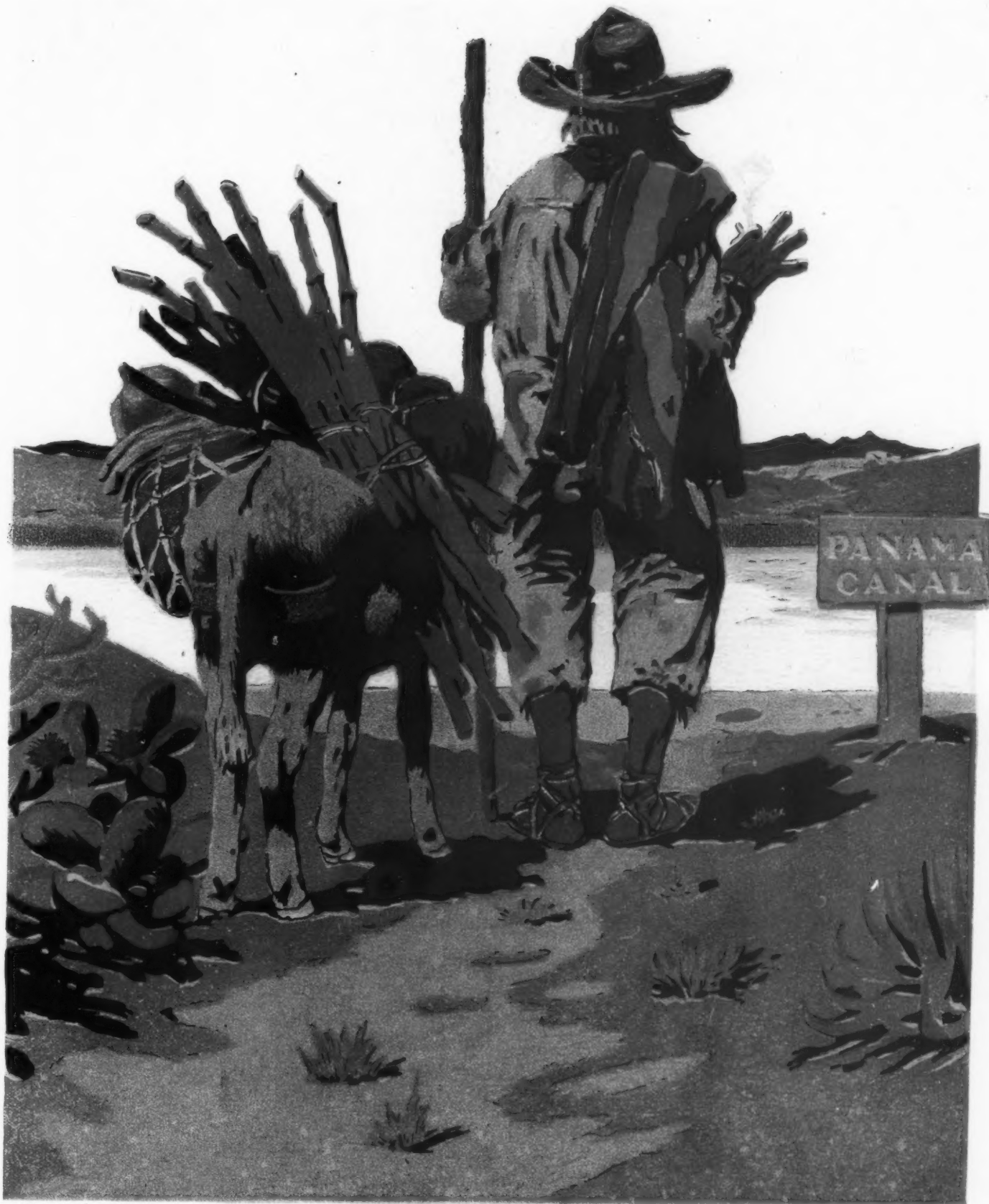
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PRICE TEN CENTS.

# PUCK



COMMERCIAL PROGRESS BLOCKED.

*Drawn by Will Crawford.*



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## Cartoons and Comments

### THE FAT IS IN THE FIRE,

EDITORIAL comment upon the latest lobby exposure may be divided into two classes: the "We-told-you-so" class and the horrified "Can-such-things-be?" class. So sweeping are the disclosures, however, so staggering is the array of evidence, that flippant comment is out of place, and even the "We-told-you-so" division, in which Puck may claim to appear, is not disposed to gloat. The light in which these overwhelming disclosures of bribery, intimidation, and graft put some of the biggest business interests in the United States is not a pleasant thing to contemplate, especially for those who take pride in their country and its form of government. The thing that hurts most, perhaps, is the realization that our "best citizens" may also be our worst. The men who are charged with all kinds of political crimes, who maintained a veritable underground railroad of corruption and of vengeance on those who opposed them, were not dynamiters or alien Blackhanders, but American gentlemen of education, refinement, and of high business and social standing. For years they have been pointed out as the sort of men who ought to be running the Government because, said their supporters, they would run it so well. What this country needed was a business administration. What did politicians know about economy or efficiency? While we let ourselves be governed by a hungry gang of politicians at

Washington and elsewhere, we couldn't expect anything but crookedness. What we needed was a *business* administration, but the great trouble was, you could n't get a big business man to go into politics; they were too rotten. What grim humor there is in this, in the face of what is happening! Not go into politics! Why, big business men, certain sorts of them, have been in politics up to their armpits. They were not in office, but by all the means which unlimited money, elaborate organization, and devilish ingenuity could suggest, they tried to control those who were, and in many cases, it seems, they succeeded. These men were not "held up" and "bled by" politicians. They were practiced hands themselves at the hold-up game, and woe to the member of Congress who, true to his oath, refused to do their bidding or exercised his right to think for himself. He rarely came back. For years in cartoons Puck has pictured certain men in national politics as hostile to the

best interests of the public, and PUCK has made enemies for itself in sticking to that viewpoint. Some of these men are dead. Others are now out of office. But it is striking, at this late day, to see in the list of those who were marked "all right" by possibly the greatest lobby ever organized the names of the very men whom Puck refused to believe were "on the level." As for Organized Labor, if the charges affecting Gompers and other leaders can be substantiated, the bludgeons of some of its enemies will be turned into active boomerangs. One of their favorite statements has been that labor leaders were false to their trust, that they "sold out" and betrayed the workingmen at every opportunity. If it can be proved that the same interests which sought to own Congress tried also to bribe labor leaders with big money, and that their subsequent attacks were inspired by venom because the labor leaders *refused* to be bribed, is not boomerang the right metaphor

for what will happen? We have necessarily touched on only a few phases of this unpleasant subject. At this writing the disclosures are barely started. When more is known, and men already implicated begin to save their necks by implicating others, there is no telling to what lengths the upheaval will go. "Let the dead rest;" but the disgruntled lobbyist, with a large collection of embarrassing letters, documents, and telegrams, is apt to be a most

active ghoul in the political graveyard.



THE ONE DRAWBACK.

CALAMITY HOWLER.—I could be perfectly happy if it were not for that.



# PUCK

## PATIENCE.



-WOONG pretty Patience  
Went I, a love-sick swain,  
And found her in the orchard,  
Amidst the trees and grain.  
And then I plead with ardent words,  
And, when I thought her won,  
I seized her—would have kissed her—Ah!  
The conquest was not done.  
For, with a haughty, mocking eye,  
Low curtsying, the girl did cry:  
"Kind sir, have patience!"

A-woong cruel Patience  
Went I, a love-sick swain,  
And, sore of heart and of conceit,  
For love found only pain.  
Then straight I turned me round about  
And would have strode away,  
But saw the maiden's lashes droop  
As though to bid me stay;  
And while I pondered if to go  
There came a whisper—falt'ring low:  
"Kind sir—have patience!"

R. S. P.

## HIS EXPERIENCE.

"ON the whole," said the aged weather prophet, "I have found that the safest course is to predict bad weather."  
"How so?" asked the neophyte.  
"Because people are much more ready to forgive you if the prediction does not come true."

## INSULTED.

MOSE YALLERY.—I think youah sistah am very chic.  
MELINDA MOKEBY (*angrily*).—D' yoh mean to 'sinate dat she looks like a hen?

## ESSENTIAL ATTRIBUTES.

"POOR, motherless girl!" he exclaimed, and turned sadly away.  
What he wanted was a motherless girl who should be in moderate circumstances, at least.



## AT CONEY ISLAND.

THE END-SEAT HOG MAKES AT ONCE FOR THE TROUGH OF THE SEA.

## A SOLUTION.

THIS simple rule solves woman's whims—  
Forget it now you must n't:  
The things she has n't got she wants,  
And those she has she does n't.

## THE POET'S DEMON.

WHENEVER I sit down to write,  
Perched on my table, near the light,  
There stands a little Demon bold,  
With wrinkled brow, bent form, and old,  
Who chills my fancies at his sight.

I fain would sing of "Dawn" or "Love,"  
A flower's fragrance, or the glove  
My lady wore last night, when she  
And I were dancing merrily.  
The Demon frowns my lines above.

I plan a lovely paragraph,  
In which "fair knights and ladies quaff  
The nectar of the gods;"—but pause,  
For in the middle of my clause  
I hear the Demon's mocking laugh.

On "Summer Winds" I fain would soar,  
"Spring," "Autumn," "Winter," I'd implore,  
But, mimicking my "Songs of Birds,"  
The Demon whistles forth these words:  
"That's all been said long, long before!"

M. A. B. Evans.

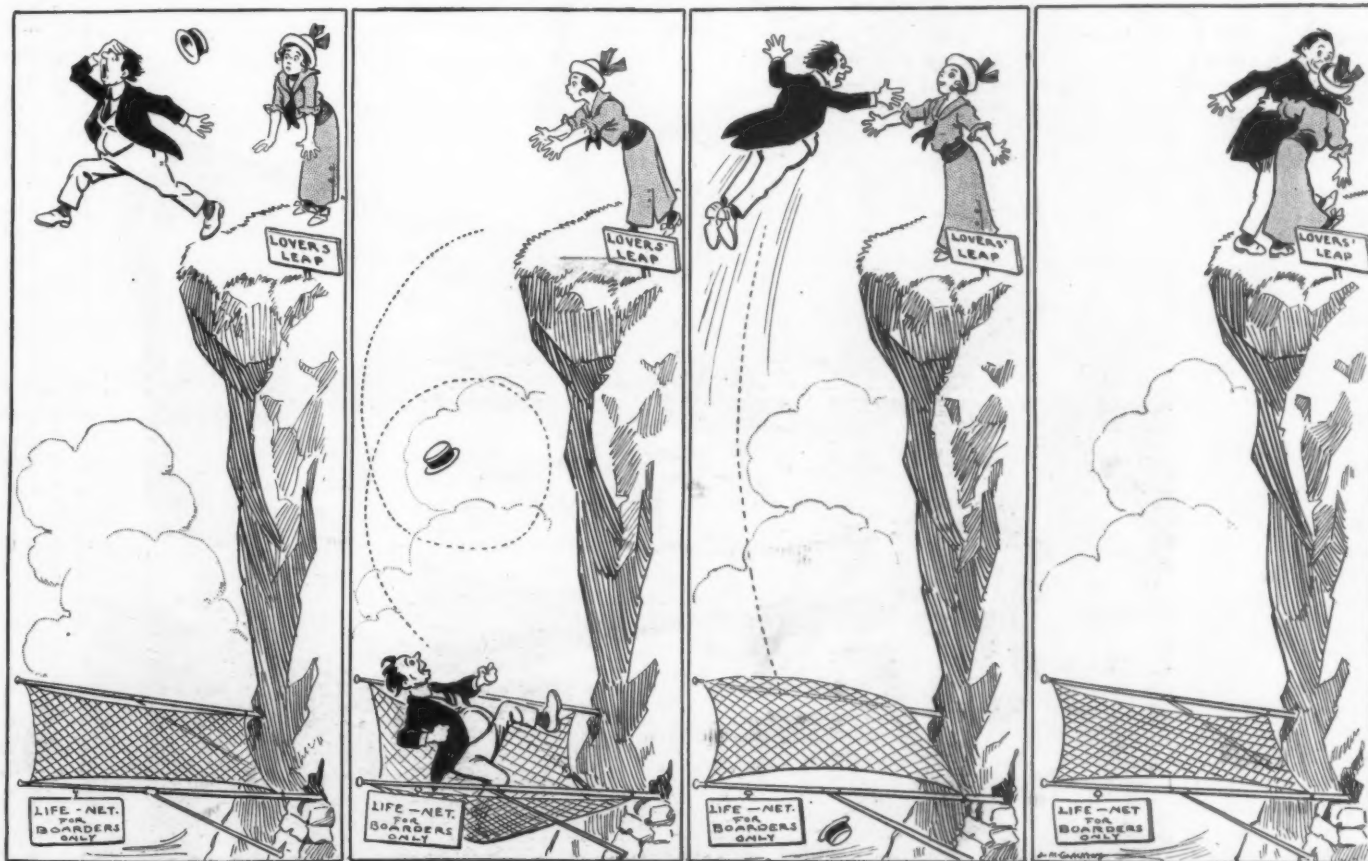
## DID N'T AFFECT HIM.

HORRIFIED OLD LADY.—Oh, kind sir, think of your mother! Think of your mother!  
BURGLAR (*sternly*).—No use, lady. I wuz brought up in an incubator!

## HOT AIR?

THE LUNG-TESTER MAN.—Nine hundred and seventy-two! That beats the record, sir!  
THE GENTLEMAN FROM KANSAS (*proudly*).—I jest wish we had one o' them machines to hum! I'll bet a big apple I'd get the next nomination for Congress from our district!

## FOR SUMMER SUICIDES: A SURE WINNER.



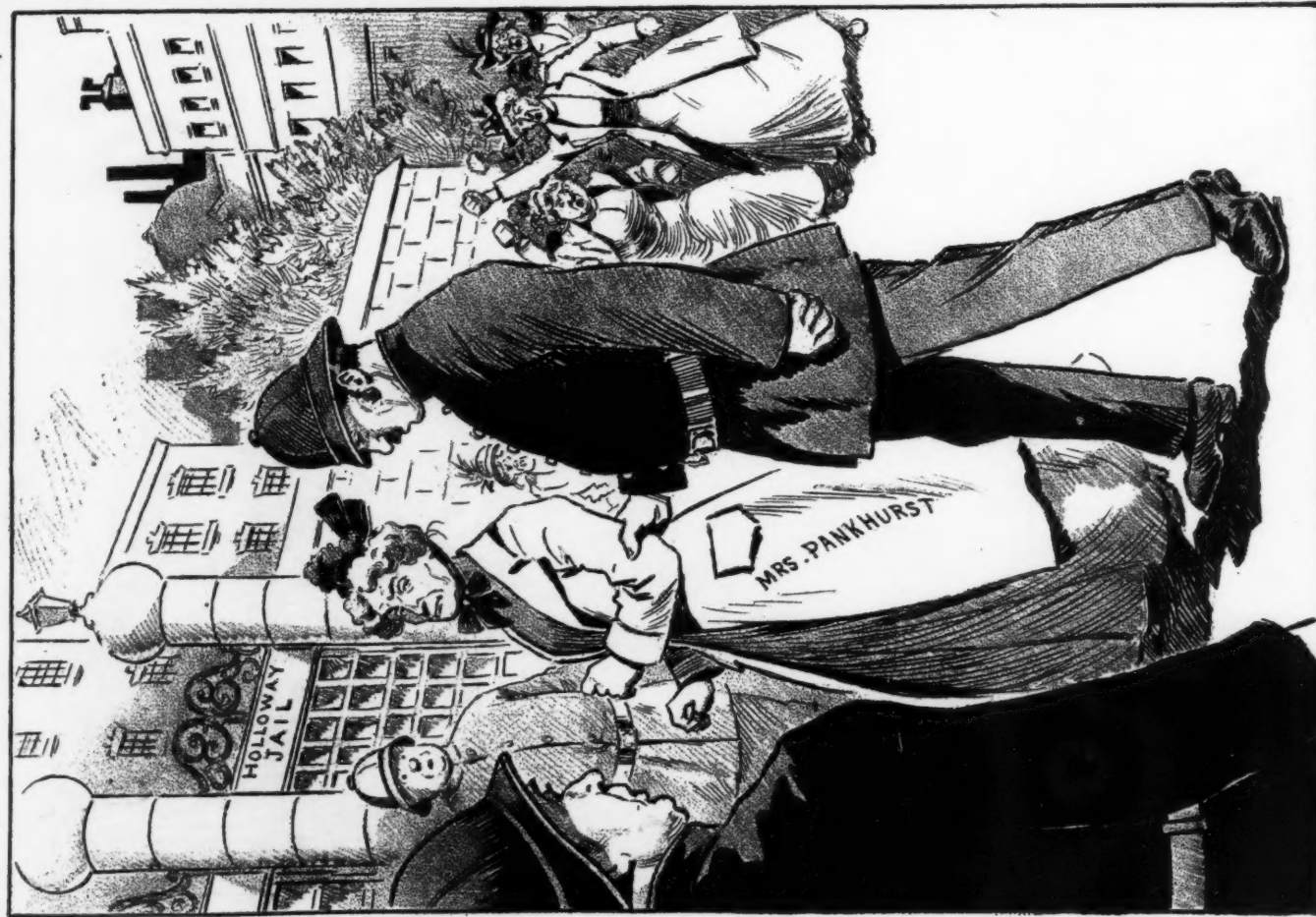
HE.  
"Refused? Then ring the bell!  
I kill myself! Farewell!"

SHE.  
"He's gone! Alas! Alack!  
He'll never more come back!"

SHK.  
"Great Heavens! Who is this?  
He comes again! Oh, bliss!"

BOTH.  
"Oh, happiness! Oh, joy!  
A girl has found her boy!"

"BLESSED ARE THE MERCIFUL, FOR THEY SHALL OBTAIN MERCY."

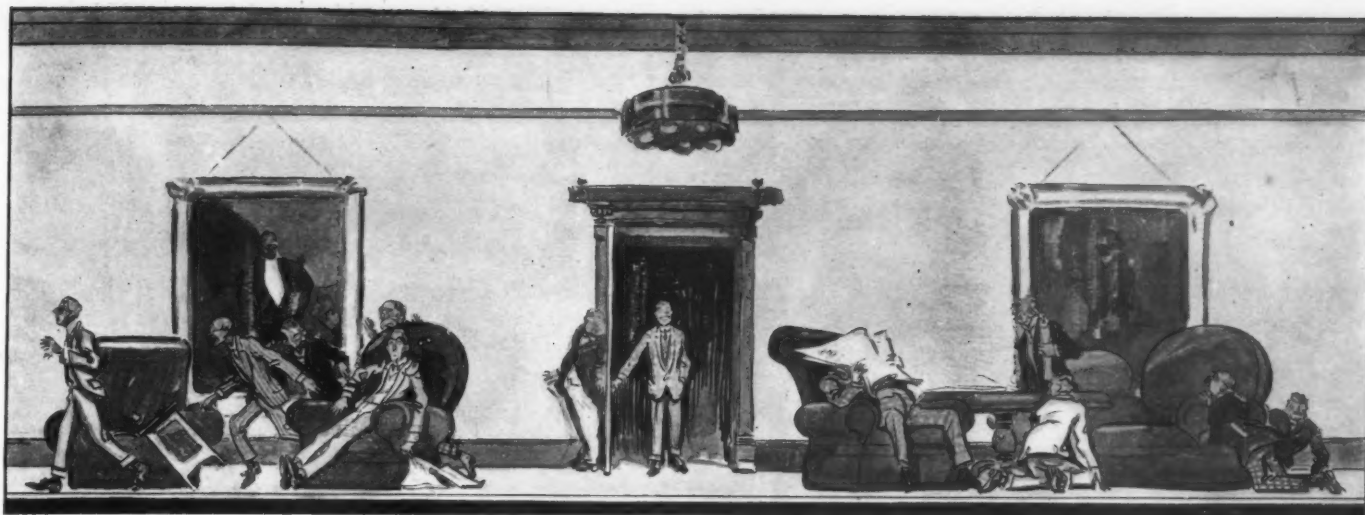


Part of the above picture is about England and part about the United States. When Mrs. Pankhurst, leader of the Militants, starves herself in Holloway Jail and is in danger of dying, she is released until she regains her strength. Then she is put back, and continues to serve her sentence. When, in America, a Federal prisoner of prominence is said to be in danger of dying, when it is said that he cannot possibly live, he is pardoned. He recovers his health, but there is no way to re-im-



prison him. He is free. Released solely because he "cannot live," he still lives; not as an invalid, but as an active man of affairs, jaunty and confident. Americans are disposed to be critical of Eng-land's administration of justice in the case of Mrs. Pankhurst. They consider it weak-kneed. "If she sees fit to die in jail, why don't they let her?" is asked. The British Home Secretary is criticised for being too merciful. Perhaps he is, but British mercy at least has a string to it.





ENTER THE CHRONIC BORROWER.

MAGAZINES.



TALL, strait, maiden aunt of mine, whom I when a boy sometimes visited, possessed among the objects of her idolatry a hat with nodding feathers which, when she wore it, gave her a formal appearance of festivity; a pair of lace mitts likely to abash the unfashionable; a silk gown which she wore with the hat and the mitts as an emblem of Position; a bird in a cage who used sometimes to chirp in heroic rallies against stillness; a bookmark which I conceived to be a mortification of the spirit to be endured only by the old; a cat which occupied a rocker on lonely evenings while I sat dejected in a straight-backed chair; a clock with a moon and a red and blue knight and lady on white charger and palfrey, which was a hard-faced old clock, caring nothing for children; and a spare room where I first encountered Magazines.

To this room at the end of an evening of growing dreariness was transplanted my depressed existence.

My aunt having carefully completed the fourth reading of the weekly paper of the previous week, or having with contrition observed the cat yawn, said very sharply (as if no one else ever slept): "Well, my boy, I suppose you ought to be in bed." And thereupon I was conducted through a hall, and through an empty room, and through the parlor, which was consecrated to dusk and silence, and into the stately spare room.

In this room there was a closeness and an airlessness which no mere vacuum has ever attained. The wall-paper and the furniture were so ancient that I had no doubt the art of making such wall-paper and such furniture had long been lost. I wished that it were morning so that I might go out where Time is still young. All about were the reminders and the monuments of a family long since grown old, but there was nothing that by the most anxious stretch of the imagination could be considered an object of contemporaneous living interest to a boy, and when my aunt had turned down the lifeless clothes on a bed which looked like the tomb of the Capulets, and had bidden me not sit up, and had departed through the night-ridden house, I sought in despair among those ghosts of former life for some possible object of entertainment. It was then I turned to a marble-topped table upon which were disposed some large black books at an ancient angle of elegance. These books were the bound volumes of magazines. They were Graham's Magazine, and Peterson's Magazine, and Godey's Lady Book; and there, upon the cold marble, with a sheaf of dried and drooping grasses near them in a china vase, they lay like mummies of literature.

It was under these gruesome circumstances that I became acquainted with Magazines, and had it not been for the small human satisfaction of disobeying my aunt's injunction not to sit up, I think I could not have endured to look upon them.

But in that airless room I opened those lifeless books, and the yellow light flowed over the yellow pages. They were pages of dead times, pictures of people in dead fashions, of dead stories

and dead poetry, signed by dead names. The poetry I did not read; I thought a little boy would not be expected to read that. I attempted to read the stories. They were about young girls named Isobel and young men called Florian, and sometimes they were about knight-errantry, and then they were filled with scenery, and with "Nay, nay, sir," and "Hark ye," and such-like ancient, dead remarks.

My light grew duller on the pages. I snuffed the oppressed flame and tried to believe that I detected signs of vitality in the yellow stories, but there was no vitality; they were dead. And when my light had for a long time grown more yellow, and when my eyes ached, and my throat ached, and my heart ached, I got into the tomb of the Capulets, so wan, so faint, so woe-begone, that if you had seen me the next morning chasing my aunt's fat consequential rooster I confidently assert that you would not have known me.

W. F.

MAN WANTED.

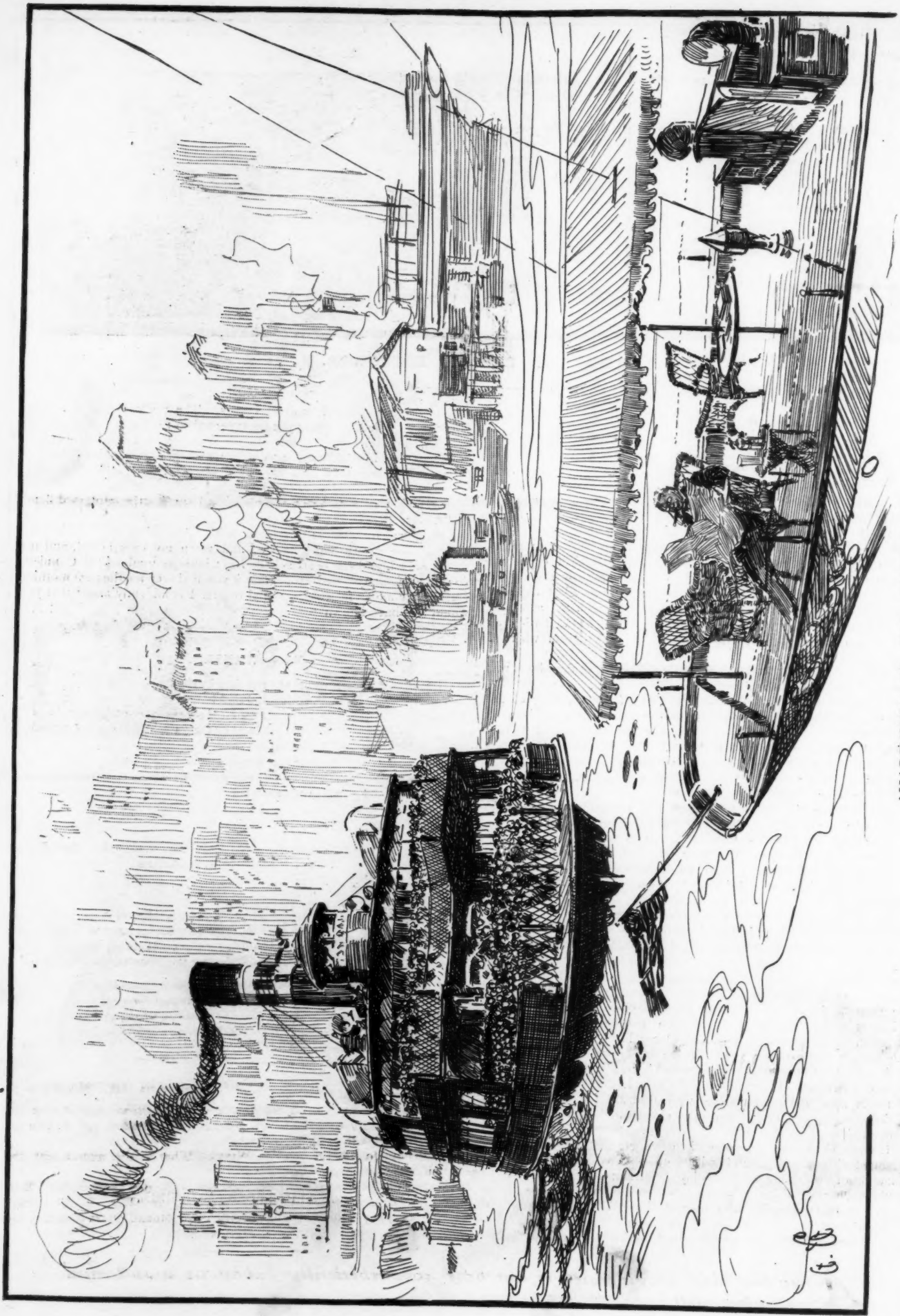
NO MAN was there by the sea—  
Alas and alack!  
As far as her eye could see  
No man was there by the sea  
To kneel at her shrine with a plea;  
Fate kept him from crossing her track!  
No man was there by the sea—  
A lass and a lack!



"A SEPTEMBER MORNING."

ANTHONY COMSTOCK COULD OFFER NO MORAL OBJECTION TO THIS VERSION OF IT.

**A** healthy man playing sick is not half so pathetically funny as a sick man playing well.



ANARCHISTS IN THE MAKING.



COMMON-SENSE LOVE SONG.

OM calls you rarest *objet d'art*  
In Earth's collection?—  
Whew! What a sissy way to chart  
A girl's perfection!  
Why, you're the light of Life's cigar,  
Wine of Love's spreeing,  
The gasoline that runs the car  
Of my poor being!

What third rails to a subway be,  
Bones to a torso,  
Cream of Joy's coffee, you to me  
Are—only more so.  
Bomb of my heart, your suffrage makes  
My vote's devotion;  
You are the syrup on the cakes  
Of sweet emotion!

You are the pay-day of Life's week  
When we're together;  
You are the talcum on Life's cheek  
In shining weather:  
You're the show-window on the street  
Of Melancholy;  
You are the only vacant seat  
In Life's last trolley!

More than a war-scare needs the Japs  
Or graft needs coppers,  
More than peace advocates love scraps  
Or Truth loves whoppers,  
Above all needs and loves by far  
I need and love you.  
The only trouble is there are  
So many of you!

Chester Firkins.

THE BOBBLEYJOCK.

"**T**is the truth Oi'm tellin' ye," said Gravel-car 411107, through the iron fence beyond Track 12 of the passenger station; "t is dhirty dhrummers an' cryin' kids ye'll be a-carryin', an' a Baltimore naygur for your porther, the black curse of Sheelagh be on 'im!"

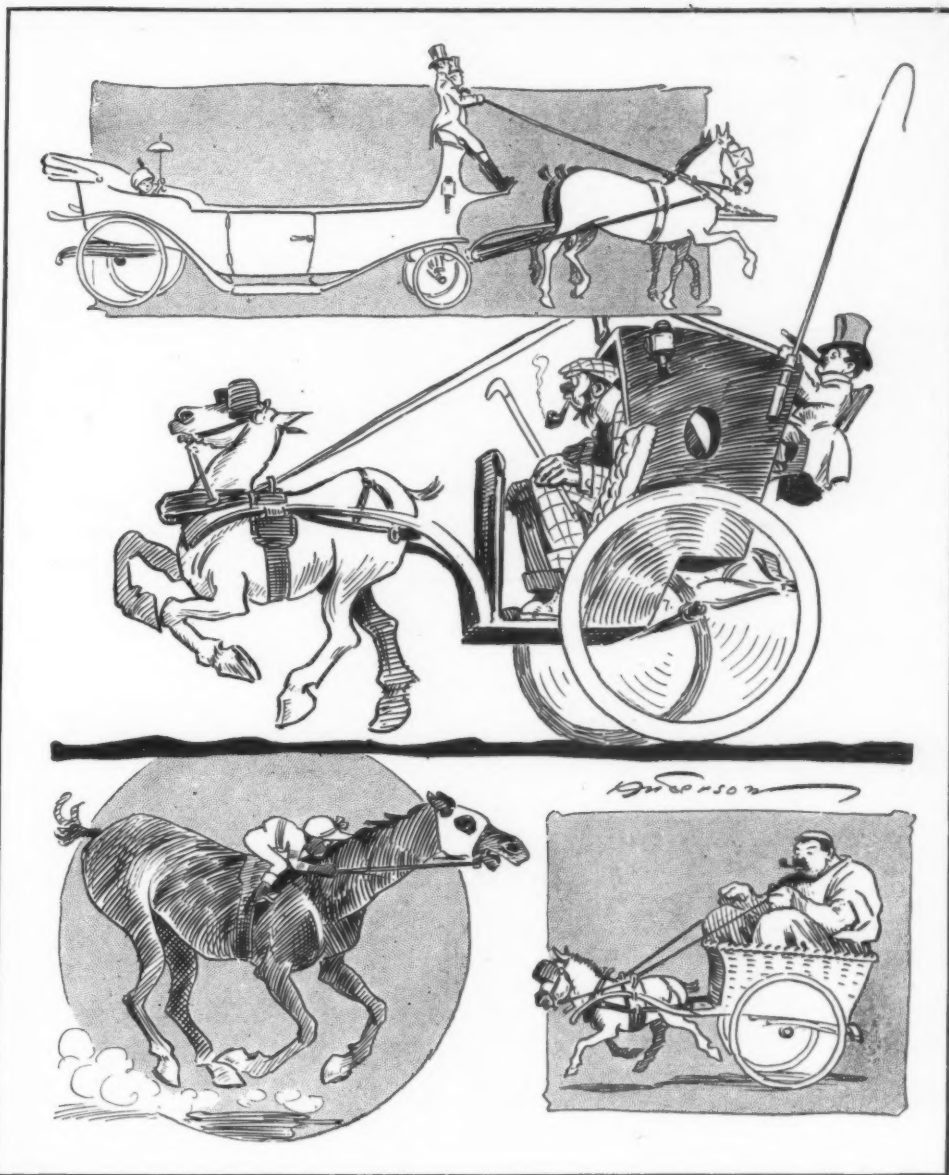
The shiny new sleeper on Track 12 shivered in its trucks with vexation. "I'm sure you're a very common person," it said; "and I can't think what makes you speak so. Why, I've two staterooms with solid silver fittings, and I know they're to be occupied by bridal parties every run; and telescope my vestibules if anybody is ever to ride in any of my other sections but millionaires flying to meet their long-lost sons!"

"Ye give me flat spots, me son. Ye'll carry whoever an' whatever has got the price; an', as sure as your name's Bobblejock, ye'll learn



ABRAHAM SACRIFICING ISAAC.

**Y**oung persons should reflect that everything which is blind and which laughs at locksmiths is not love.



INCONGRUITIES.

the ould Song av the Pullman before ye've been on the road three wakes."

But the Bobblejock stared coldly with all starboard windows, and made no reply.

"Shiver me sideboards, an' smash me couplin's! Shove me off the dump, but it's the Bobblejock ag'in! Bobbley, darlint, have the weddin' couples an' the millionays come along on schedule time?" said 411107, when they met in the yards a month later.

"Don't ask me!" growled the other.

"My very first run I had a funeral party of Congressmen, and they all went to bed with their boots on. Then there's been a dreadful woman with a lunch-basket and a baby every trip; my carpets were smothered in rice, and that confounded *à la carte* dining-car keeps people from finding out what nice things I have in my buffet, and I've no pride left; I'm nothing but a slave."

"Oi tould ye so," said the Gravel-car, nodding both its draw-bars.

Go and stand beside the track at 11.23 P. M. If the Pea Green Express is on time you may see the humbled Bobblejock bringing up the rear, and hear it intone the Song of the Pullman:

"Two dollars—a berth—a night,  
Two dollars—a berth—a night,  
The porter—takes—whatever's—in sight,  
Two dollars—a berth—a night."

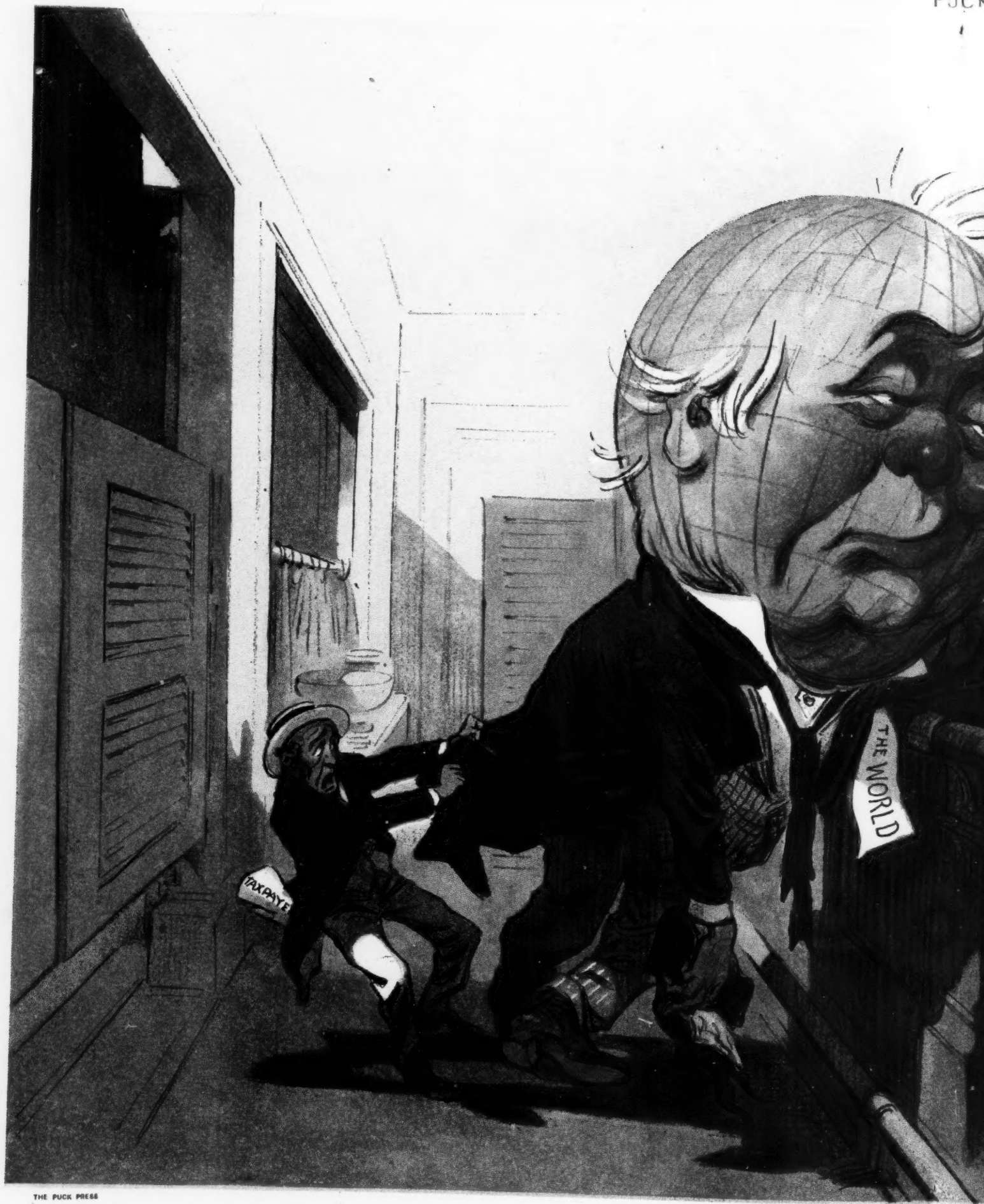
F. K. Farr.

PROMPT ACTION NECESSARY

**THE DOCTOR.**—Mrs. Brown has sent for me to go and see her boy, and I must go at once.

**HIS WIFE.**—What is the matter with the boy?

**THE DOCTOR.**—I don't know, but Mrs. Brown has a book on "What To Do Before the Doctor Comes," and I must hurry up before she does it.



THE PUCK PRESS

"FATHER, DEAR FATHER, COME



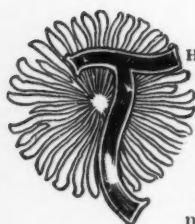


R, COME HOME WITH ME NOW!"



NEWSPAPER BULLETINS WE NEVER SEE.

III.—THE CRICKET BULLETIN.



# METHUSELAH AND THE REPORTER.

THE reporter of the *Assyrian Bugle*, who had been assigned to interview Methuselah when that old gentleman reached the remarkable age of nine hundred and fifty, found the patriarch sitting on the front porch, placidly smoking his pipe, and gazing at the peaceful landscape.

"You will be nine hundred and fifty years old to-morrow, sir, I understand," said the young man, as he took his notebook from the upper outside pocket of his coat.

"Yes, that is true," replied Methuselah. "But what of it?"

"Well, don't you think it is a remarkable age, and that people are interested in whatever a man so old as you might have to say?"

"I think not," replied the patriarch. "For the past five hundred years of my life I have uniformly declined to talk for publication. I realize that the oldest inhabitant is not the only pebble on the beach of the ocean of time, although he is prone to imagine that he is, and that the world is anxious for him to go into a reminiscent mood."

"But are you not going to celebrate your arrival at such an unprecedented age?"

"Not at all, young man! I have become so addicted to the birthday habit that I take no account of birthdays any more. A few score birthdays more or less are of no special interest to me."

"But won't you tell me some incidents of your early life for publication in the *Bugle*?"

"Well, sir, it appears to me, as I look back, that I never had any early life, as one might say. I used to say to my wife—that is, to the sixth Mrs. Methuselah, the mother of my boy Lamech—that I was a pretty old papa. You see, I was one hundred and eighty-seven years old when Lamech was born, and the neighbors geyed me a good deal about it. Poor fellows! they are all dead now.

They died long ago. Then Lamech was one hundred and eighty-two years old before his first boy was born. That made me three hundred and sixty-nine years old before I became a grandpa. What do you think of that, young man?"

"That was a long time to wait."

"It was. But I've become a grandpa a good many times since. Let's see,—at the last census I think I had about 3,476 grandchildren, besides a respectable assortment of great-grandchildren. I

could give you a great mass of statistics about how many wives and children I've had, how many funerals and weddings I've attended, and all that sort of thing; but I don't suppose you want that, do you?"

"Yes, indeed! The very thing."

"Well, I sha'n't tell you. You may put down in your book that I can read the finest print without the aid of spectacles; that I've used tobacco all my life, and all the usual guff which goes with the oldest-inhabitant stories. By the way," Methuselah went on, becoming communicative, "I would be very happy, even at this advanced age, if it were not for the patent-medicine men constantly tagging me around."

"How do they annoy you, sir?"

"Read this."

The patriarch took a folded document from his pocket and handed it to the reporter, who read as follows:

"On my nine hundred and fiftieth birthday I cannot refrain from sending this tribute to the efficacy of Kumoff's Celebrated Double Distilled Elixir of Life. I attribute my health, and indeed my existence, to the use of this truly marvelous preparation. I began to take it about six hundred and eighty years ago, and have continued to use it ever since. At that time I felt age beginning to creep upon me, when a dear friend who had used Dr. Kumoff's Elixir for centuries persuaded me to try a few bottles. The effect was instantaneous. I was young again in a week. I have continued to use it ever since, and expect never to give it up."

The reporter looked at the patriarch inquiringly, and the latter added:

"An agent of that preparation was here this morning, determined as all-get-out to obtain my signature to that testimonial."

"You of course refused to sign such a precious document?"

"Most certainly I did! I have never used his preparation in my life. Indeed, I never heard of it until to-day. Besides, he

offered me only three hundred shekels for my signature. I hope I know something of my value as an Elixir of Life testimonial. No, young man," added the venerable Antediluvian as he arose, and thereby indicated that the interview was at an end, "it will take one thousand shekels of silver, at the very least, to get my name appended at the bottom of that document." W. H. S.



THE ENTERPRISE OF DIOGENES.





A GENTLE REBUKE.

HIS WIFE.—Jack, dear! I don't like to hurry you, but you know dinner is for six o'clock, and I hate to keep people waiting.



THE ECHO.

STOOD within a wooded glen  
Before a mountain wall,  
And, ringing to my ear again,  
The echo mocked my call.  
"O Spirit of the Glen!" I cried,  
"Will all be bliss divine  
When fast the nuptial knot is tied,  
And Phyllis shall be mine?  
Beneath the lamp-light's rosy glow  
At even shall I sit  
And watch her fairy fingers sew  
Or mend or hem or knit?"  
And Echo answered "Nit!"

"When to my cosy home I haste  
For dinner or for tea,  
What dainty dishes rare of taste  
Will she prepare for me?  
Of 'boarding out' I've had my fill,  
My appetite's a-quiver.  
Oh! say what precious morsel will  
Her skill to me deliver?"  
And Echo answered "Liver!"

"In peaceful, placid streams of love  
Will all our moments flow  
As clear as summer skies above,  
Or summer seas below?  
Will both our natures sweetly chime?  
Will all be perfect quiet?  
What will we do, O Spirit? I'm  
In love a neophyte."  
And Echo answered "Fight!"

"And will I rule the roost?" said I,  
"And always have my way,  
And will my precious Phyllis try  
To honor and obey?  
Shall I be leader of the band,  
Or will my rule be wrecked?  
I pray thee, tell me how I stand  
To her in that respect."  
And Echo answered "Pecked!"

J. L.

HIS CROSS.

"You are late this morning." The kind friend of the man who occupied a seat in the 12:48 dropped down easily beside him as he spoke, mechanically handing his commutation ticket to the passing conductor.

"I am," replied the tired-looking individual he addressed, "but it's not my fault. It's a matter of compulsion. Are you aware," he added, "that I am a lonely, secretive creature, flocking mostly by myself; of thoughtful habits and shrinking temperament?"

"Um! I don't quite follow you," said his companion.

"You will in a minute," said the tired man. "When I first moved out to Suburbanville I began by taking the 7:30. Several others also took that train, and it was not long before they knew me well. I began in the baggage-car and moved gradually to the rear, trying to avoid one or another of the seven-thirty-ites."

"You see, I craved solitude. I wanted the companionship of my thoughts. That was also the only time during the day I felt I could read my paper; and when that was finished I wanted to be alone with

my reflections. It was no use, however, and I had to give up the 7:30 and take the 8:03."

"And you found that just as bad?" said the other, sympathetically.

"Yes," said the tired man with a nervous wave of his hand, "after a while it was the same old story. New friends soon became old, and seemed to think it a sacred duty on their part to drop down beside me and tell me their family history."

"Then I tried the 8:40, and slid off to the 9:04; and after awhile, I began to seriously neglect my business and take the 9:45."

"Business, however, was no object with me compared with my peace of mind. Of course, the later the train the fewer there were to meet, until now I've got down to the 12:48."

"And I suppose," said his friend with a smile, "that you will stick to this one now?"

"Oh, I don't know!" said the tired man, with an anxious, furtive look in his eye. "Is this your regular train?" And his companion got up without another word, and went into the smoker.



BETWEEN NEIGHBORS.

MRS. SERELEAF.—The photographer told me to—tee-hee!—look as pleasant as I could.

MRS. FLINT.—Of course! I've heard tell that cameras cost an awful lot!

ITS INTERPRETATION.

"OH, I had such a wonderful dream last night!" said the innocent young heiress, crossing the Gipsy fortune-teller's wrinkled palm with silver. "I dreamed I saw a sweet little Cupid coming toward me through the snow. He was dressed so oddly, for he wore nothing but a silk hat and a linen duster trimmed with fur; and he seemed very hungry, for every now and then he made a snowball and ate it. Tell me, good dame, what my dream portends!"

"My poor child!" answered the seeress, "try to bear the awful truth—you will marry an actor. There is no other possible interpretation of such a dream!"



A CONGENIAL PARTNER.

VOICE FROM ABOVE.—Henry! Oh, Henry!

HENRY.—Al'ri, m'dear! Al'ri! Comin' jush 'shoon ash finish game cards wish my frien'!

**T**aking a baby to church does the baby no good, and is a fruitful cause of immorality in others.

**Imperial**  
Gold Label  
**Beer**

Bottled only by the Brewers  
**Beadleston & Woerz,**  
NEW YORK

THE legislature of a Western State contains this year several women members. At a recent banquet they were invited to speak, but all with one accord began to make excuses, and one of the men was asked to represent them. He accepted, saying that he was willing to act, so far as in him lay, but that his case was similar to that of a naughty little girl who was told that if she didn't behave she would be shut up in the chicken coop.

"You can shut me up in the chicken coop if you want to," replied she, "but I ain't going to lay any eggs."—*Argonaut.*



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**NATIONAL SPORTSMAN MAGAZINE**  
78 FEDERAL STREET, BOSTON, MASS.



PECKSNIFF      CARTON      GAMP      SIKES      JINGLE

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"The idea!" exclaimed the heartless one. "I didn't even know that you shaved yourself."—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

BILLY (to Suffragette leader).—Say, lady, if yez want any winders busted, me an' de gang'll take de contrack cheap.—*Harper's Weekly.*

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"Funeral?" echoed the collector. "These flowers are for his birthday!"

"Give me back that dollar!" said the reporter emphatically.

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This—from a Kansas paper—is quoted in that State as the last word in cards of thanks:

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"Doesn't it humiliate you to have to go through life this way?" asked the sympathetic woman as she purchased a photograph.

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—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*



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"Aw, he feels disgraced fer life."

"How's dat?"

"His mudder come out yesterday and took him home right off second base."—*Kansas City Journal*.

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SHE.—You ought to go into Wall Street when you graduate.

HE.—What makes you think so?

SHE.—You can bull and bear at the same time.—*Cornell Widow*.

OFFICIAL PRIDE.

"Casey, do you know what corporal punishment is?"

"Sure I do," said Private Casey.

"It's having a blaggaird over ye who thinks he's as good as his colonel."—*Age-Herald*.

WHEN LOVE DAWNED.

HE.—Darling, when did you first find out you loved me?

SHE.—When I got annoyed because my friend called you an idiot! — *Die Muskele*.

WIVES of great men remind us of it pretty often.—*Ladies' Home Companion*.

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DOCTOR.—Well, and did you take his temperature?

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THE dinner was given by a colored man named Ebenezer White, and the guest of the evening was George Washington Green, chief deacon of the little church that White occasionally attended. Grace, of course, was eloquently said, and at its conclusion Mr. White began to carve the chicken. Then Deacon Green became facetious.

"Brudder White," he smilingly remarked, "do dat nex' do' neighbor ob your'n keep chickens?"

"No, sah!" came the prompt response of Mr. White, as he deftly pried loose a well-roasted wing, "but he try hard 'nuff to keep 'em."—*Argonaut*.

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Presently a note from the man who was to talk came back to the chairman. That note read: "I am astonished at your request. If I cannot speak longer than this I must refuse to speak at all."

A DEGREE TOO COLD.

HOUSEKEEPER.—Well, now that the winter is over, I'm glad it was so cold, because that made plenty of ice, and of course ice will be cheap.

ICEMAN.—Ice was plenty enough, mum. But, you see, the very cold weather froze a lot of pipes, and caused an awful consumption of coal.

HOUSEKEEPER.—What has that to do with it?

ICEMAN.—Why, you see, mum, the plumbers and coal-dealers made so much money that they can afford to take ice next summer, and that increases the demand enormously. Ice will be high.—*Exchange*.

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